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THE

MIND'S JUBILEE,

A SKETCH:

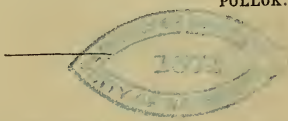
WITH NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Welwood, pseud.?

.....

Companion of Religion; where she came,
There Freedom came; where dwelt, there Freedom dwelt;
Ruled where she ruled; expired where she expired.

POLLOK.



PHILADELPHIA:

GEORGE, LATIMER & Co.

No. 13 So. Fourth Street.

Printed by Wm. F. Geddes, No. 9 Library Street.

MDCCCXXXIV.

PS991
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2030

Entered according to Act of Congress in the Clerk's Office of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania, May 1, 1834, by Wm. F. Geddes.

INTRODUCTION.

The idea of "The Mind's Jubilee" is referable to the pleasure which must be felt, and the anticipations which must be cherished in the bosom of the Christian whilst enjoying the privilege of being present at the anniversaries of our evangelical institutions.

The writer's object in the presentation of the Sketch is the benefit of those by whom it may be read,—and, through them, that of those who have hitherto been strangers to that freedom of the mind which only the influence of the Gospel can give. He does not suppose that this will be effected *directly* by the agency of the Sketch. He contemplates the reader as having a mind unclouded by moral ignorance, unperverted by infidel scepticism, unchained by papal infallibility,—a mind free to act in reference to subjects worthy of its noble powers, and connected with its future destiny. He has, therefore, merely *suggested* themes for thought,—themes such as in former ages engrossed the minds of eminently holy

men,—men with whom, as regarded the object which was the spirit of their themes, THE MOST HIGH condescended to be familiar.

In accordance with this object, the writer has had particularly in view the requisitions of the *Sabbath school system*, and the facilities which its libraries furnish for exciting and cherishing the *spirit of missions*. In reference to these facilities, his aim has been to adapt the Sketch to the mental character of the young inquirer; and he will be truly gratified if he shall have thus contributed, in any measure, to the means of promoting inquiry in regard to the great object which, it is unquestionable, ought to occupy a distinguished place in the affections of every Christian,—an object, the absence of which from any system of religious instruction, would render such system essentially defective.

The subjects of the Sketch, it will be perceived, are but lightly touched; this was designed, in order that they might be drawn out by the reflection and the judgment, and exhibited in the feelings and the conduct of the recipients to whom the Sketch is offered. They are subjects which, as correlative, would constitute a theme too copious, too rich, and too high for the writer's pen, unpractised in the *chief* of the sister arts. In the form of expression peculiar to this art, it doubtless might be advantageously presented to some elevated minds which may yet need to be enlightened with regard to the proper applica-

tion of their energies. Such a service may be appropriate to, and is expected of him who some years ago said to the indebted world, and to the approving Church,

"I heard seven thunders uttering their voices,
And wrote what they did utter; but 'tis seal'd
Within the volume of my heart, where thoughts,
Unbodied yet in vocal words, await
The quickening warmth of poesy to bring
Their forms to light.

* * * * * * *

The world as it hath been in ages past;
The world as now it is; the world to come,
Far as the eye of Prophecy can pierce;
These I beheld; and still in Memory's rolls
They have their pages and their pictures; these
Another day a nobler song may show."*

The writer of the Sketch has not unfrequently observed, that among professors of religion, a deficiency both of knowledge and of interest with regard to the world's conversion, is an extensively prevailing evil,—and also, that a dangerous apathy in view of the operations of the papal policy is not only generally indulged, but by many most fearfully cherished and commended. It is thus manifest, that a large number of Christians are criminally regardless of the peculiar responsibilities of their high vocation as they were most emphatically announced by our

* "Pelican Island." By James Montgomery, esq., 1827

blessed Lord—"Ye are the salt of the earth!—Ye are the light of the world!" These evils appear still more deeply shaded when they are considered in connexion with the facts,—that the means of information are abundant and accessible by every inquirer; that all the subjects of the Sketch have, for years, unremittingly and in a vast variety of forms been presented to the Church, and that for this purpose the services of men of appropriate talents have been held in constant requisition, and these with the eloquence of

"Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn,"

have endeavoured to awaken the minds of the professed followers of the world's Redeemer. All these means have been, and continue to be held subservient to Immanuel's glory in promoting the increase and extension, the beauty and strength of Zion; and yet comparatively but few hearts vibrate in harmony with the exalted theme.

This result, together with the conviction that in relation to the subject, originality of thought, or mode of expression, was impracticable, would seem to have uttered to the writer a forbidding mandate, and to have deterred him from associating this humble attempt with the many more energetic efforts of his more efficient brethren, to touch the ears and move the hearts of Zion's slumberers. He is, nevertheless, encouraged by the obvious and cheering fact, that the Spirit of Christ does possess, and ani-

mate, and actuate the souls of a very considerable number of the Lord's disciples; and that the influence, and the prayers, and the liberalities of this sacred band have been Divinely blest, and have extended, and are extending "a savour of life unto life," which shall ultimately be felt and enjoyed "far as the curse is found."

That the objects of the Divinely taught petition, "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done, in earth as it is in heaven," will be realized, is not a matter of speculation. The covenant promise of the Almighty Father to his atoning Son, "Ask of me, and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession," is irrevocable, and must be fulfilled; "Not by might, nor by power; but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts." Not by physical coercion, nor by a special miracle,—but doubtless, according to the economy of his grace, through instrumentalities Divinely ordained,—agencies to which He himself will give his sanction "in demonstration of the Spirit and power."

He who hath eyes to see and ears to hear, must even now perceive, that "Out of Zion the perfection of beauty God has shined!" Already enough is manifest to furnish a practical illustration of the prophetic announcement, "In this mountain shall the Lord of hosts make unto *all people* a feast of fat things, a feast of wine on the lees, of fat things full of marrow, of wine on the lees well refined."

In view of these lights and shades of the Church, and in consideration of the certainty of all that the word of God affirms concerning the world's jubilee and the future glory of Immanuel's kingdom; and persuaded that no Christian effort to facilitate these results, however minute or feeble such effort may seem, will be entirely fruitless, the writer has dedicated the Sketch to the cause of the blessed Redeemer; and to the friends of that cause, he now offers it with feelings of cordiality and Christian affection.

He will only further remark, that with regard to facts which occurred from the time when the Emperor Constantine, in the beginning of the fourth century, supplanted paganism in the Roman empire by the adoption of Christianity, until the commencement of the Reformation by Luther and his coadjutors, in the beginning of the sixteenth, chronological arrangement has been disregarded. This was deemed expedient, as even allusion to all the errors, heresies, innovations, assumptions, and enormities of which that lengthened period of shadows, clouds, and darkness was exuberant was impracticable. Of the doings of that protracted night which so dismally involved the Church, disclosures have been made by historians. These should certainly, and especially at this time, claim the attention of Protestant Christians. They are indeed records of facts, in recurring to which the soul must recoil with horror; yet, hor-

rible as such facts actually were, it is important, that by an acquaintance with them, Christians should know what were, and what must necessarily be the effects of the ascendency of a system which not only claims for itself universal domination, but also exclusive *infallibility* as its all controling attribute. This knowledge is essential in order to induce the Christian to be watchful of this invariable and inexorable foe to the freedom of the mind; and also as a preparation for resisting, with all moral means, the insinuating advances and ultimate nefarious designs of the "Man of Sin" in this our yet free and favoured country,—a country for the preservation of the civil and religious liberties of which our fathers nobly toiled, and bled, and even dared to die.

The cruelties and devastations which were committed by the Northern hordes in their incursions in the Roman empire were truly terrific. But it should be considered that the minds of these Goths, Vandals, &c., were in the darkness of paganism. To them was unknown the Gospel of peace and salvation. Their's was the outrage of intellectual and moral ignorance. This was not the case of those Roman pontiffs, who, with the Bible in their hands, presumptuously ravaged the kingdom of Christ. Professing to be distinguished apostles of the Lord Jesus, they polluted his altar, and were the murderers of his saints. Omar's conflagrating of the Alexandrian library was an atrocity which doubtless in-

juriously affected the interests of the human mind. But the perversion, and ultimately the suppression of the Oracles of God by the Roman pontiffs were acts adapted to facilitate the everlasting perdition of souls; and, according to the declarations of these same Oracles, direct, profane, and damning sacrilege! The detail and comparison need not be pursued. These are subjects of higher record; and the day is coming when the inhabitants of all worlds will doubtless witness disclosures more terrible than can now be known,—deeds more dreadful than history has told,—

"Vile, unrepented deeds,
Now unrepentable for evermore!"

With these remarks, the writer commits the Sketch to the care of Him who, whilst he sways the sceptre of universal empire, is not indifferent to the sparrow's flight. Like the dove which from the ark was sent forth into a desolated world, should this little messenger of hope be favoured to bring from a vast moral waste even but one olive branch into the Church of Christ, its author will *not alone* have occasion to rejoice with thankfulness.

WELWOOD.

May 1, 1834.

ANALYSIS OF THE SKETCH.

Invocation. The Mind—its origin, reduction, powers, worth, and destinies; provision for its relief. Divine Love. Revelation of Mercy. Redeemer's advent, atonement. Apostles commissioned, first preaching of the Gospel, its progress and effects. Primitive Christianity. Satan's enmity. Regal honors of the Church. Satan's temptation of Christ. Legitimate results of primitive piety. Carnal professors. Papal innovations and assumptions. Priestcraft. Incursions of the Northern hordes. Superstition's withering influence. State of religion. Prayer for the Church,—its Divine preservation. Wickliff; the Bible; Satan's rage. Papal power and atrocities. Waldenses. Satan's alliance with the Papacy. His forces and ferocity. The Church in gloom. Satan's discomfiture. Divine interposition. Facilities for evangelical enterprise disclosed. Power of Truth. Luther. The Pope's resources. The Reformation. Satan's power enfeebled. Pledge of the Truth's extension. Progress of the Gospel. Satan's adherents. Effects of the Reformation. Defects of the Church; its prospects. Dawn of a brighter age. Prophetic anticipations realized. Blessings for the heathen; their claims. Christian efforts of the American Church. Concert of prayer. Sabbath-schools auxiliary to Missions. Results of Missions anticipated. Restoration of the Jews. Evangelization of Asia, &c., of all Islands, of Africa. Relief for deluded pilgrims. Joyful results of the Gospel's suc-

cess. Brightening prospect. Prophetic assurances. Bible, and preaching in heathen lands—tracts—schools. Effects anticipated. The Gospel's blessings;—to those who send it to the destitute;—its future conquests in Europe,—in our Western hemisphere,—in our own country. South America unevangelized; its claims; its condition; its renovation anticipated. Christian vocation. Religion, false, and true. Christian ministers; their sanctification, sacred character, fraternity, national vocation. Papal ascendency deprecated. Watchfulness of Christians. Revival implored. Men in power. Infidelity deprecated. The Redeemer's triumph.

THE MIND'S JUBILEE,

A SKETCH.

Companion of Religion,—where she came,
There Freedom came; where dwelt, there Freedom dwelt;
Ruled where she ruled; expired where she expired.

POLLOK.

O THOU the Source of light, ETERNAL ONE!
With joy and gratitude before thy throne
Thy servants bow, in one high purpose join'd,
To hold a hallow'd jubilee of Mind;
Exalted SAVIOUR deign to smile benign,
And own the work we celebrate as thine;
Thy SPIRIT grant in every heart to dwell,
And feelings adverse to the theme dispel.

When Wisdom Infinite the Mind produced,
In His own likeness then, tho' now reduced,—
Then when the Spirit into being sprang,
The sons of God—the stars of morning sang:

But fiends malignant view'd the scene with pain,
And sought by guile the virgin soul to stain;
By Satan's wiles its bright career was check'd,
Its lustre tarnish'd and its glory wreck'd.

Capacious Mind, ordain'd by God's decree,
To sway the sceptre o'er earth, air and sea;
With light intrinsic Nature's realm to scan,
And lay her treasures at the feet of man;
To grasp the orbs that gem her azure dome,
And with the planets thro' their circles roam;
With energy of thought to soar sublime,
And visit scenes beyond the bounds of time.

The Soul,—its worth what finite tongue can tell!
The Soul,—to sing in heaven or groan in hell!
Lit by the breath of God, th' immortal fire
Unquench'd will glow when suns and worlds expire;
The conscious Spirit then in gloom will glare,
Intelligent of woe and deep despair;—
Or blissful shine, redeem'd from all its stains,
Of grace a trophy, where Immanuel reigns.

As when Earth linger'd in the womb of Night,
"God said—Let there be light!—and there was light,"
And harmony and beauty to adorn,
And animate and bless primeval morn;

So when the world the night of sin o'erspread,
And all man's moral excellence was dead,
'Twas then a ray of Everlasting Love,
With plastic power did o'er the ruin move

Hail, Love!—the wonder of the hosts of heaven,
Love which to rebel men relief has given;
When Death held dread dominion o'er the race,
From God estranged and banish'd in disgrace;
Then midst the darkness Mercy's star appear'd,
Brightness of Glory Infinite;—it cheer'd
The desolation vast,—its mild control
Illumed and sway'd the chaos of the Soul.

In Eden first this hope-inspiring star,
Our primal parents saw, but saw afar;
Then beaming brighter thro' each following age,
Its radiance glow'd in many a prophet's page,
Till that high day by covenant purpose seal'd,
When God its splendour to the world reveal'd;
Then from the grasp of Death fell Satan's rod,
And hell's dread power confess'd the Son of God.

New glories veil'd the Everlasting Throne,
And joy unfelt before on high was known;
The angels flew with song the world to greet,
And tell the tidings of the foe's defeat;

Their theme was "Peace on earth, to men good will,"
Grace emanant thro' Christ from Zion's hill:
The minstrelsy of heaven thus sweet and kind,
Announced a joyful jubilee of Mind.

Great was the work the Saviour wrought for man,
When he fulfill'd Redemption's wondrous plan;
He met the wrath of heaven by Justice hurl'd,
And purchased pardon for a guilty world!
The spotless victim unresisting stood,
And paid the price—his agony and blood!
Then from the terror and from death he rose,
With power to reconcile or crush his foes.

Grace reign'd thro' righteousness by Christ the Lord,
His sword and sceptre God's eternal Word:
Go!—said Immanuel to a chosen band,
The tidings tell in every rebel land;
Go!—and salvation free to men proclaim,—
Light, life and peace in my Almighty Name;
He who the gift of God accepts unbind,
And cast away the fetters of the mind.

First to the field where Christ victorious bled,
With power endow'd, his willing servants sped;
There midst the rage and malice of his foes,
Where Calvary rises and where Kedron flows,—

There near the sacred place—Gethsemene,
Where oft the Saviour suppliant bow'd the knee,
There the first trophies of the Cross were won—
Souls freed from sin by God's eternal Son.

Onward thro' persecution's direful storm,
They urged their way their mission to perform;
Nor Jews profane nor Cæsar's potent sword,
Could stay the conquests of th' Almighty Word;
Tho' Satan's hosts with all their force assail'd,
The power of Jesus o'er the foe prevail'd;
Truth touch'd the Mind and idols prostrate fell,
Nor stood the mighty shock the gates of hell.

Then multiplied the messengers of Truth;
Wisdom in age, and zeal in ardent youth,
And master minds from moral darkness free,
Were consecrated by Divine decree;
These in the pathway which th' apostles trod,
Went o'er the world and preach'd the love of God;
The Holy Spirit nerved their heart and tongue,
And numerous converts God's high praises sung.

Adorn'd with grace, the Church in beauty shone,
Jesus triumphant sat on Zion's throne;
Tho' oft his saints by impious hands were slain,
They, like their Leader, fell to rise again;

Faithful and fearless in the cause Divine,
They bled, they died, by Him approved to shine;
From mental darkness, sin and death released,
Their's was the martyr's crown when conflict ceased.

Whilst rising glorious thus, the gospel day
Refulgent, chased the baleful clouds away:
But Satan's wrath was roused, he felt the stroke,
His head was bruised, but not his spirit broke;
As when at first in Paradise he saw
Man's blest subjection to Jehovah's law,
He envied and devised to blight the joy,
So now he plann'd Christ's kingdom to destroy.

He saw, exulting with malicious mirth,
One strange event of unauspicious birth,—
'Twas the polluted ensign of the world
O'er the Redeemer's banner wide unfurl'd,—
Imposing signal of returning gloom,—
The withering upas to religion's bloom;
The crafty demon in its shade conceal'd,
Gain'd free access to the forbidden field.

With cautious policy the foe began,
Deceit he knew lurk'd in the heart of man;
Time was when he, ascendency to gain,
In God's Anointed sought it, but in vain,

Earth's kingdoms and their glory brought to view,
And proffer'd all for homage claim'd as due;
'Twas then the fiend who dared with God to vie,
Fled the rebuke of Christ's consuming eye.

Whilst the fair Bride redeem'd by Jesus' blood,
Confiding only in her Saviour stood,
Then, tho' her enemies with furious spite,
Strove to destroy her fame and quench her light,
Clear as the sun and as the moon-beam mild,
She rose serene amidst the tempest wild;
Her power was felt,—her foes confess'd her sway,
Sought her embrace and cast their yoke away.

Long had the pagan world to Satan sold
The freedom of the Mind for pomp and gold,
And gaudy pageantry and orgies foul,
Kept in degrading vassalage the Soul;
Till Rome's great prince profess'd to mar the chain,
And give the Mind its native rights again;
'Twas then the Church received a gorgeous wreath,
Wrought of the elements of moral death.

By regal hands with graceless garlands crown'd,
Christianity innumerous votaries found;
Not in the unsoil'd robe by Jesus given—
His righteousness, the dress admired in heaven;

Not thus would they confess her birth Divine,
But carnal homage offer'd at her shrine;
In their false hearts the prince of darkness reign'd,
Whilst vain oblations God's pure altar stain'd.

Thus was the Church insidiously betray'd,
Thus did the world her sacred courts invade;
Her ministers whose faith the shock survived,
Still fed the flock with food from God derived;
But wolves had enter'd in disguise as sheep,
And hirelings sought the Shepherd's fold to keep;
Ambition govern'd, Emulation strove,
And Pride usurp'd the hallow'd throne of Love.

In angel form the arch deceiver view'd
The desecration, and his work pursued;
With priests corrupt he artfully communed,
Who God's own word and institutes impugn'd,
As from Immanuel, forged traditions taught,
And seal'd the fraud with lying wonders wrought,
From dying men the sinner's Refuge took,
And closed with hands defiled Truth's precious book.

Pontiffs the seat and power of God assumed,
Crime sanctified and saints to torments doom'd,
Bargain'd the bliss of heaven, and men might buy
Release from guilt for sins of deepest dye;

To fix th' imposture and extend the trade,
Instead of heathen gods, new idols made;
Men bow'd in bondage, blind in heart as stones,
And worship'd pictures, images and bones.

Christ the true medium to the Throne of Grace,
Deny'd to men, the priest assumed his place;
No penitent to Jesus' blood might come,
But seek remission in the rites of Rome;
The Truth was banish'd from the papal throne,
And Virtue thence had long discarded flown;
Enchantment's spell and hell's pestiferous breath
Spread wide delusion, blasphemy and death.

Th' imperial mistress, famed in every clime,
Seduced by luxury and debased by crime,
Her prowess barter'd for Delusion's shield,
And took with monks and friars th' inglorious field;
Whilst from the North the floods resistless roll'd,
And barbarous hordes the pride of Rome control'd;
But priestcraft dexterous in nefarious storms,
Adopted pagan rites as Christian forms.

Then Science, 'reft of Revelation, fled,
Afraid her lamp to trim among the dead;
The Arts and Literature with sickly phase,
Shrunk from Suspicion's rude repulsive gaze;

Whilst Superstition, deck'd with gold, enshrined,
Claim'd ghostly subjugation of the Mind;
All—all was dismal! earth with hell agreed
To crush the Church and crown the serpent's seed.

As if some constellation in the sky,
Convulsed, the stars their proper stations fly,
And as by supernatural warfare driven,
But dimly shine in different parts of heaven;
So God's own Church, by Jesus Christ redeem'd,
Rent by misrule profane, but faintly gleam'd;
Tho' scatter'd in the dense expanse of night,
Glow'd some lone orbs of pure celestial light.

Unnoticed, saints apart in secret sigh'd,
To see the swellings of corruption's tide,
And supplications oft to God prefer'd,
Nor was the prayer of faith by Him unheard;
He who was present once his Church to save,
Amidst the deluge on its highest wave,
Beheld the flood—the foe uncheck'd encroach,
And said—Thus far, nor farther dare approach.

'Tis when the prayer of faith to heaven ascends,
Grace to sustain afflicted saints descends;
And thus the troubled Church, when billows roll'd,
By faith and prayer her rising fears control'd;

A well known voice she heard ere hope decay'd,—
'Rejoice,—'tis I, your God,—be not afraid!
'Set as a seal upon my heart and arm,
'Beloved, nor earth nor hell shall do thee harm.'

When Wickliff rescued from Oblivion's cave,
The lamp which God to man in mercy gave,—
The lamp which Jesus trim'd the Soul to guide
Where ransom'd spirits near his throne abide,
The foe arose in rage enflamed by fear,
For then he saw the morning star appear,
Whilst Papacy the furious chieftain own'd,
His counsel follow'd and the demon crown'd.

Long had the Pope dominion claim'd aloud,
Whilst kings obsequious, to his mandate bow'd,
And perpetrated in Religion's name,
Were deeds of blood, of violence and shame,—
Such sacrilege as Omar might disown,
And flames were lit to Vandal torch unknown;
Thus Satan's power sustain'd by papal rage,
Death's carnival prolong'd from age to age.

Far,—far was felt the sacerdotal ire,
By torturing rack and immolating fire:
Yet, midst the terror, in the mountain's shade,
The meek Waldenses to Immanuel pray'd;

And tho' the faithful servants of the Lord
Were sought and slaughter'd by the Pontiff's sword,
Unawed by death, unconquer'd by the flame,
They sang hosannahs to their Saviour's name.

The tempest ruthless, loud and louder howl'd,—
Its spirit mitred and its furies cowl'd;
The tyrant doubly arm'd and triply crown'd,
On man's celestial hopes with rancour frown'd;
Implacable, with zeal the mind t' enslave,
He even dared Almighty wrath to brave;
Thus Satan held secure in papal Rome,
A spirit fit with him thro' earth to roam.

This world's vile god the bold usurper reign'd,
Whilst men were held in papal bondage chain'd;
The carnal mind subservient to his cause,
Paid homage sanction'd by infernal laws;
His pagan legions base without disguise,
His warrior prophet with his code of lies,
And priestcraft yet of subtlety more rife,
Urged war vindictive 'gainst the Prince of Life.

Fierce was the onset, yet on Zion's Rock,
Unmoved the Church withstood the fearful shock;
Her friends were few, her walls obscured by night,
But He who built her still sustain'd the fight;

He spake, and hell's terrific armies quail'd,
Their strength was scathed and Satan's project fail'd;
The dawn was near, his time he knew was brief,
And Mind enslaved would find by Truth relief.

Long whilst Religion, wrap'd in ignorance, slept,
The foe in peace his willing captive kept;
The Papacy its bloody banner rear'd,
Nor mighty, nor Almighty vengeance fear'd:
But the Most High who hates oppression, saw
The bold blasphemer thus impinge his law;
The time was come for slumbering saints to wake,
When Truth omnipotent the spell should break.

The Only Wise who form'd th' immortal Mind,
The means ordain'd the captive to unbind;
The laws of science operate his will,
His providence elicits human skill;
'Twas He the magnet's attributes disclosed,
'Twas He the press to ignorance opposed;
Thus He design'd o'er all the earth to send
Truth's sacred transcript, man's perpetual friend.

Hail, light illustrious—spirit quickening Truth!
Of age the comfort, guide of feeblest youth;
'Tis thy pure beams to sinners doom'd to woe,
Reveal their peril and their Refuge show;

Thy lucid influence pierced the Mind's vile shroud,
And fix'd the bow in Superstition's cloud,—
Sweet bow of promise, hope's reviving gleam,
The Mind's deliverer from delusion's dream.

On Luther's soul the Holy Spirit moved,—
The monk uncowl'd a faithful witness proved;
Tho' kings were prostrate at the Pontiff's throne,
And all their treasures he might call his own;
Tho' he the homage of the world might claim,
And write in heaven, or blot th' offender's name,—
Yet there was ONE who, with his breath could blast
The vaunting foe, and bind e'en Satan fast.

When God to free the Mind reveal'd his arm,
The Lion roar'd a loud, but vain alarm;
The dauntless Luther with th' enlighten'd band
Of firm reformers heard the Lord's command;
They with the Spirit's sword his cause maintain'd,
The Truth affirm'd, and victory obtain'd;
The prisoner then to liberty restored,
Cast off the yoke and Christ the Lord adored.

Reason her empire in the Soul resumed,
By Revelation's sacred light illumed;
Whilst Satan claiming still the Mind to chain,
Pursued the victor, but pursued in vain;

With sanguinary zeal the foe no more
Could wield the key or bar the dungeon door;
His plans defeated, his devices foil'd,
Enerved the despot from the field recoil'd.

Released, th' aspiring Soul by faith could soar,
And wing'd with love her gracious Lord adore,
On earth, with saints above, deliverance sing,
And give the glory to her Saviour King;
'Twas to the Mind the pledge of Power Divine,
That Truth should yet in every nation shine,
And saints in every clime rejoicing see
A holy, peaceful, cloudless jubilee.

Tho' Satan's empire shook and suffer'd loss,
Still war he waged against Immanuel's Cross;
O'er Europe far the gospel's rapid course,
Amazed he saw and felt its mighty force;
The blighted honors of the papal chair
Claim'd first an interest in the demon's care;
His aid might yet his ally's throne exalt,
Or keep his remnant forces from revolt.

His lying prophet's myrmidons he held,
Nor yet his heathen provinces rebel'd;
His strong delusions kept the carnal mind,
In servile bonds to truth and reason blind;

And if no gospel ray might reach their eyes,
And touch their souls to make them truly wise,
No fear he felt tho' papal zeal might win
His abject vassals to the "Man of Sin."

Truth ever radiant, limitless and strong,
As He to whom its energies belong,
Diffused a healthful influence o'er the earth,
Refreshing realms of old and younger birth;
And men of different climes to Christ return'd;
Whilst ransom'd sinners holy mysteries learn'd;
And saints in fellowship of purpose strove,
To show the power of Truth by Christian love.

Tho' bright, yet blemish'd was the hopeful scene,
Unhallow'd spots upon the Mind were seen;
Some mists of superstition yet remain'd,
And bigotry religion's fervor feign'd;
Yet was the Church, in Jesus' love secure,
To rise efficient, beautiful and pure,
Ordain'd, on earth to shine, tho' hell oppose,
A type of heaven,—the terror of her foes.

The age was yet to come for men to feel
The power of Christian charity and zeal,—
When saints should Christ's redeeming way prepare,
By fellowship of action, faith and prayer,—

When all the followers of the Lamb of God,
Should strive in love to send his Word abroad,—
The distant heathen by its grace to save,
From sin's destruction and a hopeless grave.

Thanks be to God, the mystic veil 's withdrawn,
And we behold that happy era's dawn;
New lustre from the Cross new life imparts,
And lingering shades recede from Christian hearts;
Immanuel's friends regard His gracious call,
To rise and free the world of Satan's thrall,
And casting all inferior claims aside,
Unite and press to the Redeemer's side.

O, 'tis the springtide of prospective years,
That glow'd the theme of ancient holy seers,
The bud and blossom of the wilderness,
The genial warmth of Christian hearts confess;
Whilst many a moral desert joyful sings
His praise who reigns supreme the King of kings,
And strikes thro' hostile governments that toil,
His grace to frustrate and His counsels foil.

The time is come, and millions will rejoice,
To hear, till now unheard, the Saviour's voice;
Lands long unbless'd the light of Truth has reach'd,
And Satan suffers where the gospel's preach'd;

To dying men is sent Salvation's lamp,
And Mercy's heralds force th' oppressor's camp;
Advancing armies haste with pious speed,
To nobly win the evangelic meed.

Our land, of highly favor'd lands the chief,
Will send to nations long debased relief;
O'er oceans borne, the groan of mental pain
Has reach'd our shores, nor is it heard in vain;
The rites obscene—the blazing funeral pyre—
The heartless mother—the deserted sire,
And voice of blood from many an infant's grave,
Our pity claim, and intervention crave.

Our Zion prosperous, by her Saviour blest,—
His Bride, reclining peaceful on his breast,
Will cheerfully, that dying souls may live,
Her prayers, her wealth, her sons and daughters give:
Of life's brief term and sacred duty warn'd,
The saints will rise with holiness adorn'd;
With willing minds and heaven-enkindled zeal,
They'll meet with liberal acts the world's appeal.

Blest be the heaven-approved devoted few,
Who to their native land have bid adieu,—
Their home, and friends beloved, and altars dear,
To dwell in moral deserts dark and drear,

There to revive the dying heathen race,
By Christian love, thro' God's abounding grace,
And lustre shed bewilder'd souls to show,
The path of life where joys perennial grow.

In concert sweet with many a sacred throng,
In unison of feeling, hope and song,
Themselves, their work, the cause, 'tis Christ's, we'll bear
Oft at the Throne of Grace with ardent prayer:
And whilst our thoughts endearing memory brings
To graves o'er which the angels spread their wings,—
The graves remote,—we'll hear the voice of love,
That bids us generous to the heathen prove.

We dwell in peace on elevated ground,
Where sacred streams, and flowers, and fruits abound,
Where we to verdant heights may often rise,
And thence descry our mansions in the skies;
And shall we, heedless of the heathen's cry,
In sin and darkness let the millions die!
No;—we'll not, shrinking to seclusion's calm,
Let others, only, win and grasp the palm.

Vast is the field where sin's sirocco sweeps,
Where Death luxuriates 'midst the famish'd heaps;
Where hideous fiends with human misery sport,
And Satan holds his diabolic court:

Whilst we this field of blood in thought survey,
And for its conquest by Immanuel, pray,
Our hands shall help to raise his banner high,
And hearts the heathen world to save shall fly.

We see in prospect, not illusive, scores
Of ardent youth embark for pagan shores;
Ask we from whence these hopeful bands arise?
An angel sweetly with a smile replies,—
'The Sabbath school has form'd their minds and given
'These first fair fruits of Christian love to heaven,—
'And Jesus sanctifies and sends them forth,
'To tell in lands remote his matchless worth.'

And *thousands* yet shall go, by love constrain'd,
From Sabbath schools, for pious action train'd;
They, where unknown a thousand rivers flow,
Where souls unnumber'd writhe in mental woe,
Shall far explore,—in deep dark realms of sin,
The peaceful kingdom of their Lord begin;
Unheard of nations shall the Truth receive,
And Christ new triumphs by His Word achieve.

The Covenant Tribes, long exiled, shall return,
And faith's pure incense to Jehovah burn,
Messiah Jesus own their Great High Priest,
And keep with Christian love the gospel feast;

And showers more blest than Hermon's healthful dew,
The bloom of Judah's olive shall renew;
Whilst Sharon's Rose rich fragrance shall diffuse,
Nor Palestine again the grace refuse.

All Asia, re-illumed with brighter rays
Than e'er her cities knew in former days,
Shall hail and bless the gracious Prince of Peace,
Whose gospel gives the fetter'd Mind release:
Where wily brahmins groveling souls beguile,
Their veda muttering fabulous and vile,
There Satan's blood-built fortress strong and high,
Assail'd shall fall and thence his legions fly.

Seeva thall cease inhuman rites to claim,—
The Hindoo love to hear the Saviour's name;
Chinesian millions freed, with spirits meek,
Shall, in the Lord of Life salvation seek;
The wandering Arab from his wild retreat,
Shall come and worship at Immanuel's feet;
The Tartar spurn the lama's fraud, and raise
His heart to God in prayer and grateful praise.

The Mussulman his alcoran shall leave,
To learn of Christ and Truth Divine receive;
Nor fires material shall the Persian charm,
The Sun of Righteousness his soul shall warm;

Armenia, Thibet, Burmah, and Cashmere,
Shall list the gospel's gracious sound to hear;
And Islands cluster'd in remotest seas,
Shall feel its joy in every genial breeze.

And shall not Africa, degraded long,
Arise and sing Redemption's sacred song?
Shall not the Day Spring from on high appear,
Her sterile soil—her verdant plains to cheer?
Yes;—from her coasts e'en to her mountains high,
The sacred messengers of Truth shall fly;
Her dark interior shall the blessing know,
And grace abound where Nile and Niger flow.

Th' Egyptian, Abyssinian, and the Moor,
The turban'd chief, and reprobated poor,
In one communion taught, at Jesus' feet,
Shall humbly kneel before his Mercy Seat:
The slaver, murderous in his vile pursuit,
No more shall Afric's soil with blood pollute;
No more in bondage shall her children bleed,
Redeem'd by Christ, they shall be free indeed.

Where now deceived the meagre pilgrims rove,
To mosque, pagoda, river, tomb, or grove,
Or where misguided devotees of Rome,
To merit heaven in painful penance come,

There shall the messenger of peace be found,
With oil to heal the sufferer's festering wound,—
There shall the minister of Jesus tell
Of Him whose grace can save from sin and hell.

Pagan and papal idols cast away,
Abhor'd of God, shall moulder and decay;
Things multifarious, multiform, and dread,
By which to hell immortal souls are led,
Shall cease to charm, delude, deceive, and blind,
And captivate, and sway, and damn the Mind:
In Christ shall men, with love and reverence, view
The Living God, the only Wise and True.

In every region known or yet unknown,
Where never, or where once the light had shone,
Truth shall pervade and Satan's empire fall,
And millions crown Immanuel Lord of all:
Then shall the loud and sweetly grateful strain
Cheer every shore, and hill, and vale, and plain;
Whilst gladsome echo with the breeze combined,
Shall shout the theme,—the jubilee of Mind.

The prospect brightens, 'tis no fancy frail,
Such are the scenes which angels wait to hail;
'Tis what Eternal Wisdom has ordain'd,—
'Tis Paradise by man thro' Christ regain'd;

From every isle, from earth's remotest nook,
To Him shall sinners for salvation look;
His Mediatorial kingdom shall embrace
All heathen nations, sought and saved by grace.

Behold the handful on the mountain top,—
The precious seed ensures a copious crop,
Its redolence and undecaying bloom,
Yield to propitious winds a sweet perfume—
The pledge of Zion's zeal—and favoring gales
Waft it o'er seas to oriental vales;
And palmy plains and verdant hills are blest,
Where ransom'd sinners find in Jesus rest.

Salvation's lamp with fire celestial lit,—
The Truth Divine by inspiration writ,
To dying men in almost every land,
Is sent and proffer'd with a liberal hand;
In almost every language now is read
The law of Him who once on Calvary bled;
And Christ's ambassadors in his own name,
In almost every tongue his love proclaim.

Profusely scatter'd famish'd souls to bless,
Like manna falling in the wilderness,
The gospel tracts are seen, of life's pure fount
Refreshing drops dispersed from Zion's mount;

The anxious pagan asks the heavenward road,
And finds relief from sin's oppressive load,—
Takes up his cross, of Jesus loves to speak,
And urge his kindred life in Christ to seek.

The heathen youth in hopeful clusters haste
Incipient streams of mental good to taste;
The Christian teacher points to Wisdom's brink,
And adolescent minds the waters drink:
Rescued from soil accursed young plants shall thrive,
Their virtue spread and other plants revive;
Nor long shall Satan wield the cruel scourge,
Or reptile gods on flesh of infants gorge.

Wheree'er on hideous shapes, with frantic cries,
Deluded mortals fix their eager eyes,
There shall the gospel's renovating grace,
Possess the heart and beam in many a face:
The little leaven must pervade the mass,
The mustard seed all spreading trees surpass,
The lightning flame from Zion's mount destroy
The power of sin, and kindle sacred joy.

O! 'tis the gospel's province to impart
The balm Divine to heal the wounded heart,
To cheer man's life and wing with joy the hours,
Pluck up the thorns and plant his path with flowers,

Dispel the noxious vapours from his tent,
And gild his couch with sunshine of content,
Calm every passion, soothe affliction's sigh,
And guide his spirit up to bliss on high.

The treacherous snares of vice the gospel breaks,
From sorrows cup the bane and bitter takes,
Domestic pleasures makes sincere and frank,
And raises woman to her pristine rank;
Far on the trackless deep this star appears,
To dissipate the storm-worn seaman's fears;
The desolate it comforts, guides the meek,
And lights to heaven the souls who wisdom seek.

E'en now the gospel, forth from Zion sent,
Has joy diffused and Satan's kingdom rent;
In many a cheerless land in climes remote,
Where souls lay wither'd, by the tyrant smote,
Is heard the gladsome song of sacred praise,
The heathen feels the Truth's reviving rays,
And bows devotional, released from guilt,
His hope unearthly firm on Jesus built.

The Greenland convert on the arctic wave,
Has learnt the gospel's power his soul to save,
Nor thinks t' adventure his immortal bark
On shoreless waters fathomless and dark;

Nor they who dwell beneath the tropics fear
The melancholy mandate now to hear,
But clasping God's own Word to their frail breast,
The peaceful spirit hastens to its rest.

Who give to dying souls the living bread,
And life's pure water shall themselves be fed;
The favor'd lands where saints, sincerely wise,
Unite their strength in holy enterprise,
Intent the world's conversion to effect,
And where Death reigns Redemption's cross erect,—
These shall be warm'd by Truth's enlivening beams,
And fertilized with purifying streams.

The Word of God shall yet all Europe sway,
And adverse systems perish from the way;
'Twill have free course and will be glorified,
Tho' kings oppose and infidels deride;
Then kiss the Son, ye rulers, lest his wrath,
Hurl you in judgment from Jehovah's path;
Popes, princes, nobles. are to Him as dust,
Who scorn in Christ the sovereign Lord to trust.

Our Western hemisphere, nor last nor least
In his regard whose grace will bless the East,
Shall be relieved from every darkling shade,
And beauteous shine in holiness array'd:

Our happy realm, of Freedom's offspring first,
From Life's pure spring shall slake its moral thirst;
The Church shall flourish branch in Christ the Vine,
And growing millions taste its fruit Divine.

Our schools of every grade, with new delight,
Shall hail Immanuel source of mental light,
And Science bring her choicest, brightest gem,
A grateful offering for his diadem:
Then gracious showers shall copiously descend,
And saints rejoice, and trembling sinners bend,
Whilst multitudes for pardoning mercy cry,
And, lured by love, to Christ for refuge fly.

Intemp'rance, priest of Death, no more shall stain
Domestic altars with his victims slain;
True piety shall add new charms to health,
And fix a value on industry's wealth;
No more the slave his manacles shall feel,
The balm of charity his wounds shall heal;
By pure Christianity shall be erased
The stain abhor'd by which our land's defaced.

Our Indian tribes, dispersed, oppress'd and peel'd,
A joyful harvest to the Lord shall yield;
The remnant yet of this diminish'd race,
Shall in Immanuel's kingdom have a place;

First fruits of gracious culture gather'd in,
Are hopeful triumphs o'er the power of sin;
Salvation's heralds shall pursue the rest,
To Rocky Mountains or the farther West.

But there 's a land,—a realm of Mind unsaved,—
A land by East and Western oceans laved;
From the Carribbean to the southern Strait,
Whole nations, unemancipated, wait
And ask the Church from priestly tyrants free,
To send to them the light of liberty;
Some feeble warmth of freedom's flame they've felt,
But only Truth their moral chains can melt.

There where at first the papal ensign stood,
To sanction deeds of avarice and blood,
Long has the venal crozier been revered,
And minds enslaved have bow'd and kiss'd and fear'd;
Yet where the peering Andes pour their streams,
And where the solar orb effulgent beams,
Shall rivers flow from healing springs Divine,
And Christ the Sun of Righteousness shall shine.

Wheree'er the Amazon its course pursues,
Where praries sparkle gem'd with tropic dews,
Where flows La Plata or its sources rise,
Where reigns the despot or the native sighs,

Where Incas ruled, where Patagonians range,
There shall the Truth effect a glorious change;
Thence shall Delusion's damning fiend depart,
For Christ shall free the Mind and sway the heart.

With such expanding views can Christians sleep!
O! 'twere enough to make the angels weep;—
'Light of the world,' untrim'd, with lustre faint!
Can such sustain the hallow'd name of saint!
Come, Holy Spirit, quickening power, prepare
The friends of Christ his work and joy to share,
Their hearts with light and grace endow to shine,
The brilliant satellites of Truth Divine.

Religion,—not the spectral counterfeit that needs
Its crucifixes, relics, bones, and beads,
And lingual prayers numerical and dull,
And murky cell and monitory skull;
Or pilgrimage, or mass—an impious cheat—
For souls departed yet for heaven unmeet;—
Not these expedients revenue to gain,
To pamper priests and papal pomp sustain.

Religion, spiritual, in Christ its root,
Its foliage grace, and love its precious fruit,
Its fragrance holiness, its shelter peace,
Its strength and beauty ever to increase:

Religion,—Truth's pure influence in the Soul,
The Holy Spirit's comfort and control,
Faith in the Lord of Life and union blest,
Hope, and the prospect of a sinless rest.

'Tis this—the pledge of heaven, that glorious state,
In which for Christians fadeless pleasures wait;—
'Tis this in Christian character display'd,
The cause and conquests of the Lord shall aid,
Allure to Jesus souls by Satan bound,
Dissolve their chains, the tyrant fiend confound,
And lead the famish'd captives to the Lord,
To taste the pure regalements of his board.

On thine ambassadors, O, Jesus, pour
An holy unction,—sanctify them more;
High Priest above, O, send a living coal,
To touch their lips and purify their soul;
Then shall be known thro' those who preach thy Word,
That HOLY—HOLY—HOLY IS THE LORD!
Whilst sanctity, and faith, and zeal, and love,
Their high commission to the world shall prove.

With thy own seal immutable, impress
Their bond fraternal,—thus thy servants bless,—
And bless'd by Thee, may they of grace impart,
A benison to many a humble heart;

Whilst in the panoply of heaven they stand,
The moral conservators of our land,
Firm to repel the infidel's attack,
Or turn th' invading papal forces back.

What thoughts revolve in minds of fiends in woe,
Omniscient Saviour, thou alone canst know;
Let not the mystic Beast our land pollute,
Or on our soil thy right to reign dispute;
The despot curb nor let his schemes succeed,
Lest on the papal altar Freedom bleed;
Thy saints revive and pour thy Spirit out,
And Truth invincible the foe shall rout.

His smile perfidious, his deceptious arts,
Have won and yet may win unwary hearts,
Nor Christians see with sleep-infected eyes,
The blighting fiend in specious priestly guise;
But when the saints from dangerous slumber wake,
And weapons heaven-prepared with vigor take,
Then shall the foe, repulsed, no longer boast,
No more deride God's sacramental host.

Father of Lights, from whom all good descends,
May men in power be thy devoted friends,
And make, obey, and execute the laws,
With sacred reference to Immanuel's cause;

With wisdom from above their minds inspire,
And quench in every breast unhallow'd fire;
Then righteousness shall bless our country's fame,
And cherish long the glow of freedom's flame.

Check the wild warfare of licentious minds,
Which neither judgments awe nor conscience binds,—
Those who in dust would trample Truth, and rise
And altars build to lawless power and lies,—
The Sabbath blot, the Sanctuary close,
And spurn the Bible and exalt its foes;
Their purpose frustrate and rebuke their rage,
Nor let their counsels stain our nation's page.

Jesus the Lord in majesty and strength,
O'er earth shall ride in all its breadth and length,
Whilst seas, and isles, and continents shall bring
Unnumber'd trophies to their conquering King:
Then shall the world a lengthen'd sabbath keep,
Nor saints, again oppress'd, despondent weep;
And He, whom rebels now enraged, blaspheme,
Confess'd in every zone, shall reign supreme.

Then shall be left no region unexplored,
No god, but GOD the LORD shall be adored;
The scorners few and feeble, shall appear
Redeemless slaves of envy, shame and fear;

No tyrant spirit shall a sceptre sway,
Nor war nor plague devoted victims slay;
Death with retarded pace the earth shall tread,
Nor graves demand, ere wintry age, their dead.

Peace like a river clear and full and free,
Thro' Zion's fields shall flow, and Discord flee;
Nor shall a place—a sterile spot be found,
For Strife to range on all the holy ground:
The watchmen in their stations with one voice,
Shall hail the Day-Spring and combined rejoice;
And all in their respective wards proclaim
Nought but the glory of Immanuel's name.

Tho' storms unknown the halcyon calm precede,
And hosts, in conflict for the Truth, may bleed;—
Tho' antichrist the field embattled take,
Resolved e'en Zion's sacred walls to shake;—
Yet, He who sits enthroned above shall frown,
And crush the foe and scathe the tyrant's crown:
Then shall Redemption's song, by every tongue,
And loud hosannah's to the LORD be sung.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Page 17.

Truth touch'd the mind, and idols prostrate fell.

Such was the influence of Christianity in the first century, that Pliny, a Roman governor and distinguished writer, in one of his letters, alludes to the fact, that the pagan temples had been *almost deserted*, that the *sacred rites* (pagan) had been *long neglected*, and that the victims required to be offered in the worship of idols had *had but few purchasers*.

Although a number of pernicious heresies had sprung up and troubled the Church during the first and two succeeding centuries; and though through the medium of philosophical speculations, many gross errors and superstitions were introduced which injuriously affected the simplicity of "the faith which was once delivered to the saints;" yet the Church, whilst it remained unsecularized, retained enough of the legitimate character of Christianity to render it manifest that the kingdom of our Lord was not of this world.

Tho' oft his saints by impious hands were slain.

After our Lord's ascension, the Church suffered grievous and cruel persecutions, not only from the impotent malice and anathemas of the adherents to the corrupted and decaying Jewish hierarchy, but also by the banishment, tortures and martyrdom of Christians during the reign of the Roman emperor Nero and his immediate successors. Subsequently to the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus in the reign of Vespasian, A. D. 70, the like persecutions were continued with but few temporary intermissions, with great severity until A. D. 311, when Galerius, whose cruelties to Christians had been exceeded by none of his predecessors, when in prospect of death, published an edict ordering the persecution to cease. During the ages preceding this period, the Apostles, and a great number of the most distinguished advocates and defenders of the truth, as also a numerous band of the faithful followers of Christ were put to death.

Page 18.

One strange event of unauspicious birth.

Constantine, called the Great, was invested with the imperial purple, and saluted as emperor in the western division of the Roman empire, A. D. 306. He is said to have been from his youth favorably disposed towards the Christians. Immediately on his ascending the throne, after a civil war, he, together with his colleague Lucinius, of the eastern division, published an

edict, A. D. 312, granting to Christians "full power of living according to their own laws and institutions." He embraced Christianity in consequence, it is said, of his having seen a *miraculous cross* in the air, as he was marching with his army towards Rome. Soon afterwards he established a system of government for the Church, adapted to and blended with the civil polity. In this union of the Church with the imperial government, was doubtless laid the foundation of that system of intolerance, which was very soon afterwards manifested by sacerdotal persecutions. And from the same origin sprang also the legalized corruptions and iniquities which rapidly multiplied, and which continue to prevail in the Roman Catholic Church, and to pollute and plague the world unto the present day. Previously to this union, iniquitous and ambitious ecclesiastics, however much disposed they might have been to inflict corporal punishments on those whom they proscribed as heretics, or to extirpate such as dared to exercise their own judgment in regard to religion, yet, their political circumstances limited their power, so that it could be exercised, as it ever ought to be, only ministerially, in censures and excommunications. But now, it was not difficult for subtle and aspiring prelates to obtain imperial enactments, which, in their application to ecclesiastical cases, would so favor their designs, as that whenever a spiritual court should condemn any one who was obnoxious to their displeasure, the delivering of him over to the secular

magistrate would insure his suffering of the penalty which they desired should be inflicted. It was according to this arrangement that most of the persecutions by the Papacy, and especially the infernal barbarities of the notoriously bloody Inquisition were instituted and practised; and it is on this ground also that Roman Catholic champions, *in our country*, have the effrontery to attempt to exonerate the Papacy from the charge of persecution and cruelty.

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Christianity innumerous votaries found.

Historians are of the opinion, that although not a few spiritual conversions may have been effected by the power of Divine Truth; yet, that 'the weighty arguments which moved whole nations, as well as particular individuals to embrace Christianity, were the victories of Constantine, the fear of punishment, and the desire of pleasing this mighty conqueror and his imperial successors. The prospect of honors, and the desire of obtaining succour against their enemies from the countenance of Christians or from the supposed miraculous influences of their religion, were doubtless, in a great measure, the motives which facilitated the rapid and extensive propagation of nominal Christianity.' The simplicity and ignorance of the people generally, furnished to a corrupt priesthood a favorable occasion for the exercise of fraud in contriving false miracles adapted to the credulity of unenlightened

minds. By these, as connected with a system of religion which was so modified and corrupted as that it exhibited features, strikingly analagous to the pagan superstitions, the most formidable difficulties in the way of converting, or rather of proselyting, were removed. That in modern times the Roman Catholic missionaries continue to avail themselves of this latter facility, they undisguisedly acknowledge.

Page 20.

Ambition govern'd, Emulation strove.

"From the time of Constantine and Eusebius, when the Church becoming more corrupt, was visited with riches and honours, diocesan, and, as the canons of the council of Nice discover, a *metropolitan* episcopacy prevailed. Bishops seem to have stepped up to a more elevated seat, and to have been accounted henceforth of a higher order. They were the political friends of Constantine, and treated by him with discriminating attention. When he sent orders to Chrestus, bishop of Syracuse, summoning him to a synod, he directed him to associate with himself two of the *second bench*, at his own election, and also to bring three servants, all at the public expense."

Wilson's Prim. Gov. of Chr. Churches.

Eusebius was bishop of Cæsarea. He was a courtier, and the distinguished and familiar favorite of Constantine. He was regarded by Jerome as a defender and standard bearer of Arianism. Photius also calls him an

Arian blasphemer. It is said of him that he denominated Christ "a philosopher and a truly pious man;" and spoke of Christianity as a restoration of the ancient religion of nature, and a substitution of moral virtues in the place of bloody sacrifices.

As from Immanuel forged traditions taught.

The Papacy, by a decree of the Council of Trent, includes as canonical among what it terms "the Holy Scriptures," the following apocryphal writings, viz.—1 and 2 Esdras, Tobit, Judith, Wisdom, Ecclesiasticus, Baruck, and 1 and 2 Maccabees. The same Council also declares that Divine Truth is contained in *"unwritten tradition."*

————————lying wonders wrought.

Dr. Mosheim (Ecc. Hist. cent. iv.) says that "Quantities of dust and earth brought from Palestine and other places remarkable for their supposed sanctity, were handed about as the most powerful remedies against the violence of wicked spirits, and were sold and bought every where at enormous prices. * * * Rumours were artfully spread abroad of prodigies and miracles to be seen in certain places (a trick often practised by the heathen priests) and the design of these reports was to draw the populace, in multitudes, to these places and to impose on their credulity. These stratagems were generally successful."

That similar practices have continued and are yet re-

tained in the Roman Catholic Church, even to the present day, is well known. In popish countries these deceptions are often not only blasphemous, but often ludicrous, in the view of enlightened observers.

Pontiffs the seat and power of God assumed.

Ravaillac, a Romanist, says, "To make war against the Pope is to make war against God—seeing that the Pope is God, and God is the Pope!" Pope Clement VII., in connexion with his cardinals, writing to King Charles VI., says, "as there is but one God in the heavens, so there cannot, nor ought to be of right, but one God on earth." It is the canon law of the Roman Catholic Church "that the Pope, who was called God by Constantine, can neither be bound nor loosed by any secular power,—for it is manifest that God cannot be judged by men!" Pope Nicholas in writing on the dignity of the Pope, says, "He is a God, and therefore men cannot judge him!" Many other similar illustrations might be presented, but these may suffice.

Crime sanctified and saints to torments doom'd.

Among numerous instances which furnish practical illustrations of the perversion of moral principle as the fruit of the papal system, is the case of John Huss of Bohemia, a man of the highest reputation for the sanctity of his manners and his ardent piety, as also for his erudition and eloquence. This faithful servant of God, on account of his zeal in opposing the corruptions of

the clergy, and his endeavours to promote the cause of truth was, on an accusation brought against him before the tribunal of Pope John XXIII., at Constance, expelled from the communion of the church. Although the emperor Sigismund had solemnly engaged to protect him on his journey to Constance, and during his stay in that place, and until he should have returned to his own country; yet, in violation of this royal pledge, Huss was cast into prison, and burnt alive for his fidelity to the cause of Christ; whilst the emperor, on the ground of the doctrine held by the Roman Catholic Church that *no faith is to be kept with heretics*, was absolved from his obligation. The blood that has been shed, and the impious frauds and detestible crimes which have been perpetrated under the sanction of this rule, and which have even been regarded as meritorious on the ground that in promoting the interests of the Papacy, *the end sanctifies the means*, cannot be estimated.

Bargain'd the bliss of heaven, &c.

The doctrine of indulgences was an invention which resulted from the avarice and cupidity of a corrupt priesthood. It was founded on the assumption that, "There actually existed an immense treasure of merit composed of the pious deeds and virtuous actions which the saints had performed *beyond what was necessary for their own salvation* (called works of supererogation,) and which were therefore applicable to the benefit of others;—that the guardian and dispenser of this pre-

cious treasure was the Roman Pontiff; and that of consequence he was empowered to *assign* to such as he thought proper a *portion* of this inexhaustible source of merit, suitable to their respective guilt, and sufficient to deliver them from the punishment due to their crimes." Indulgences were first sold by and for the profit of the bishops, and they remitted only the penalties inflicted by the church. But in the 12th century the monopoly of this lucrative trade was assumed by the pontiff. Indulgences were then *authoritatively* extended even to the abolishing of the punishments which in a future state were reserved for the workers of iniquity. Those which were vended by Tetzel, the pope's agent, assured the purchaser "when you die, the gates of punishment shall be shut, and the gates of the Paradise of delight shall be opened; and if you shall not die at present, this grace shall remain in full force, when you are at the point of death." This traffic is still carried on, in all countries, to the greatest extent that surrounding circumstances will permit. It was by the profits of this trade in men's souls that Leo X. was enabled to build an *apostolic edifice* in Rome, at the cost of $60,000,000.

Page 21.

And worship'd pictures, images and bones.

Dr. Mosheim (iv. cent.) says that "certain tombs were falsely given out for the sepulchres of saints and confessors; the list of saints was augmented with ficti-

tious names; and even robbers were converted into martyrs. Some buried the bones of dead men in certain retired places, and then affirmed that they were admonished by a dream, that the body of some friend of God lay there.....Many, and especially monks, travelled through the different provinces, and not only sold, with the most frontless impudence, their fictitious relics, but also deceived the eyes of the multitude with ludicrous combats with evil spirits or genii."

The venerable Bishop White, of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Pennsylvania, in a recent publication remarks, that "as image worship was *sanctioned* by the Council of Trent, a Roman Catholic cannot consistently bring it into question; but it must be held in opposition to tradition during at least five hundred years."

Enchantment's spell, and hell's pestiferous breath.

"What were they who achieved
A sway beyond the greatest conquerors,
Setting their feet upon the necks of kings,
And thro' the world, subduing, chaining down
The free immortal spirit? Were they not
Mighty *Magicians?* Their's a wondrous spell,
Where true and false were, with *infernal* art,
Close interwoven?"—*Rogers' Italy.*

Adopted Pagan rites as Christian forms.

Historians ascribe the invention of a purgatorial fire for departed souls, as also the celibacy of priests, the

worship of images and of relics, and an enormous train of different superstitions which were gradually substituted, and continue in the Roman Catholic Church, in the place of true religion, to a preposterous desire of imitating the pagan rites, and of blending them with the Christian worship. 'The public processions and supplications by which the pagans endeavoured to appease their gods, were, as early as the fourth century, adopted into the Christian worship, and in many places, celebrated with great pomp and magnificence. The virtues that had formerly been ascribed to the heathen temples, to their lustrations, to the statues of their gods and heroes, were now attributed to Christian churches, to water consecrated by certain forms of prayer, and to images of holy men.'

Page 23.

When Wickliff rescued from Oblivion's cave.

John Wickliff, an Englishman, was professor of Divinity at Oxford, and afterwards rector of Lutterworth. He was removed from the University A. D. 1360, by the Archbishop of Canterbury. His crime was his having opposed the monkish mendicants, and venturing gently to reprove their patron the Pope. He appealed to Pope Urban V., who confirmed the Archbishop's sentence. He afterwards in his sermons and writings attacked all the orders of monks for their scandalous irregularities, and also the pontifical power and other ecclesiastical abuses. Detesting the superstitions of

the times, he contended against and refuted the absurd notions which were generally received in religious matters. He exhorted the laity *to study the sacred scriptures*, and that their perusal might be more extensive, *he translated the Bible into English.* A violent prosecution was instituted against him by the exasperated monks. But after the decease of Gregory XI., proceedings against him were suspended for some time, on account of there then being two *infallible* successors of St. Peter *opposed* to each other. As soon however as this *infallible controversy* was settled, the process against Wickliff was revived, and his opinions were condemned as heresies. How this reformer escaped martyrdom history does not inform us. He died peacefully, A. D. 1387. He has sometimes been denominated the "morning star of the reformation." He left many followers in England, who were persecuted by the *inquisitors* and other agents of papal vengeance; and in 1415, thirteen years after his death, his opinions and his memory, were, by a decree of the Council of Constance, condemned, and his bones were dug up and publicly burnt. To ascertain what spirit instigated the pontiffs and monks who participated in these acts, it is not difficult.

Long had the Pope dominion claim'd aloud.

Pope Innocent III. says, "The church, my spouse, is not married to me without bringing me a dowery; she has given me the mitre for the priesthood, and the

crown for the kingdom—making me Lieutenant of Him who hath written on his vesture and on his th gh, King of kings and Lord of lords. I enjoy the plenitude of power, that others may say of me, next to God, *out of his fulness we have received.*"—Itinerar. Ital. part 2. de coron. Rom. Pon.—(as quoted by Breckinridge in cont. with Hughes.)

Page 23—24.

The meek Waldenses to their Saviour pray'd.

The Waldenses and Albigenses, or as they were called the *Vaudois* on account of their residing in the *valleys*, are said by historians to have for several centuries been distinguished for their dissent from the Papacy, but were little noticed. Towards the close of the twelfth century however, Peter Waldo, or Valdo, who had been a merchant in Lyons, espoused the cause of this obscure people. He was a man of wealth and talents, and by his influence and exertions was so instrumental in reviving their evangelical system as that from him they derived the name by which they from that time have been generally known.

Dr. Scott, in his commentary says of this people, that "they had the true gospel among them; avowed its everlasting obligations and excellency; opposed it to the authority of popes, councils and persecuting princes; declared the pope to be antichrist; propagated their doctrines with zeal and success, and multiplied into a vast number of churches. And after immense slaugh-

ter had been made of them by persecutions and bloody wars, they still retained their tenets; and being dispersed into other countries, they rapidly carried the everlasting gospel with them; so that the Lollards in England, and the Bohemians, and many others in different places seem to have principally learned the gospel from them; and the reformation itself appears to have sprung from the seed which they sowed, and watered with rivers of blood."

Dr. Mosheim remarks that "the purity and simplicity of that religion which these good men taught; the spotless innocence which shone forth in their lives and actions, and the noble contempt of riches and honors which was conspicuous in the whole of their conduct and conversation appeared so engaging to all such as had any sense of true piety, that the number of their disciples and followers increased from day to day. They accordingly formed religious assemblies, first in France, and afterwards in Lombardy, from whence they propagated their cause throughout the other provinces of Europe with incredible rapidity. The sincere piety and exemplary conduct of the Waldenses show plainly enough that their intention was to *revive the piety and manners* of the primitive times, and to combat the vices of the clergy, and the abuses that had been introduced into the worship and discipline of the church."

Dr. Wilson, in his "Primitive Government of Christian Churches," remarks, that "the persecutions of the Piedmontese and Waldenses in the valleys of the Alps

and also in France, were scarcely second to any that have been known in the world."

Page 24.

His warrior Prophet with his code of lies.

The impostor Mahomet of Mecca in Arabia, under pretence of extraordinary sanctity retired to the cave of Hera, A. D. 606. This seclusion it is believed was for the purpose of maturing a plan which was designed to supplant not only paganism, but also all other systems of religion; for in A.D. 612, he declared that he was Divinely commissioned to destroy polytheism and idolatry, and then to reform first the religion of the Arabians, and afterwards that of the Jews and the Christians. He was a man of wealth and of very considerable mental energy, and it is supposed that during his retirement of three years, he acquired the knowledge of letters, although he has been represented as illiterate. Having, with the assistance either of an apostate Jew, or of Sergius, a degraded monk, given a law called the Alcoran, which was adapted to the corrupt nature of man, and intended to supersede the Word of God; and having, together with his influential relations, secured a multitude of adherents, he successfully persevered, by force of arms, in propagating his new religion. His project was to establish an empire; and his rapid victories over those who opposed his career enabled him so to accomplish his design, as that before his death, he was master of all Arabia, and several of the adjacent provinces.

Page 26.

On Luther's soul the Holy Spirit moved.

Martin Luther, a native of Aisleben in Saxony, was
monk of the Augustinian Eremites, who were one o
the mendicant orders. He was professor of Divinity i
an academy which had been erected at Wittemberg b
Frederick at this time elector of Saxony. Maximilian I
was king of the Romans, and Leo X. was the Roma
pontiff. John Tetzel, a Dominican monk, being em
ployed to sell the pope's indulgences, which professe
to administer to the purchasers 'remision of all thei
sins, past, present, and to come, executed his commis
sion with matchless insolence, indecency, fraud, an
daring impiety, even derogating from the efficiency o
the merit of Christ. This roused Luther's indignation
and induced him publicly and boldly on the 30th o
September, 1517, to warn the people against such im
pious delusions and extravagant extortions, and to point
out the pope as a participator in the iniquity of thus se
ducing the people from trusting in the Lord Jesus Christ
on the ground of whose atonement, only, sinners can ob
tain pardon. It was this opposition to the wicked traffi
which was the commencement and foundation of the
religious revolution which humbled the grandeur of the
arrogant pontiffs, and in a great measure eclipsed thei
glory.' To the history of this and the subsequent oc
currences, the happy results of which are deeply inter
esting to all evangelical protestants, no one who justly

appreciates the freedom of the mind ought to be a stranger.

Associated with the name of Luther, those of Melancthon, of Calvin, of Carlostadt, and others, cotemporaries and co-workers, under the Divine blessing, in happily achieving the reformation, will ever be held in grateful remembrance by the friends of Christian liberty.

The Lion roar'd a loud but vain alarm.

Pope Leo X., perceiving that the *heresy* of the Saxon reformer was rapidly extending and acquiring strength, was roused from his indifference to the contumacy of the *obscure monk*. This pontiff having through his agents, first by *authority* and then by *subtlety* endeavored to reclaim the *apostate*, but failing of success, issued his mandate commanding his spiritual subjects to acknowledge the pope's power of "delivering from *all* the punishments due to sin and transgression of *every kind*." And on the 15th of June, 1520, the incensed pontiff hurled the thunder of his anathemas against his adversary, by issuing out a bull in which forty-one pretended *heresies*, extracted from Luther's writings, were solemnly condemned, his writings ordered to be burnt, and he again summoned, "on pain of excommunication, to confess and retract his pretended errors within the space of sixty days, and to cast himself on the *clemency* and *mercy* of the pontiff." But the intrepid reformer, undismayed by papal terrors, voluntarily withdrew from and publicly renounced the jurisdiction of the Roman hierar-

chy; and, in the presence of a great multitude of people, formally committed to the flames both the pope's bull, and the decretals and canons relating to the pope's supremacy.

Page 29.

O, 'tis the spring-tide of prospective years.

Many respectable writers reckon the commencement of the prophetic term "a time, times, and the dividing of time," (in Danl. and Rev.) from the year 606 when the infamous emperor Phocas conferred on the pope the title of universal bishop; and they interpret the above prophetic term to mean three years and a half, each year to consist of 360 common years, this number answering to the like number of days in a year, according to the diurnal rotation of the earth. By this computation they fix the period of the entire destruction of the papal abomination, together with that of the Arabian impostor Mahomet, which also began in the same year, at A. D. 1866. Other learned writers, by computing from about the middle of the eighth century, or when Pepin king of France gave to the pope the territories in Italy, by which the Roman See became in fact, and has hitherto continued, a temporal principality, place the period of the commencement of the millenium more distant The Rev. Dr. Bogue of Gosport, England, in a series of discourses on this anticipated era, supposes that the thousand years of the purity and

glory of the church, and of peace, prosperity and holiness throughout the world, will commence about A. D. 2000.

Page 31.

We dwell in peace on elevated ground.

In a spirited address on "Practical Preaching," delivered on the 10th of Sept. 1833, before the "Porter Rhetorical Society in the Theological Seminary, Andover," the author remarks, that "There is scarce a village or town in this country, that cannot recall in its history, the deeply interesting events of a revival of religion. There is scarce a church that lifts its spire to heaven, amid surrounding forests in our western lands, that does not become filled with worshipers amid the thrilling scenes of such a work of grace. Along the hill, and the vale; in the deep and solemn grove, the voice of prayer and praise shall be heard; the Spirit of God shall diffuse solemnity over the scattered population; and the village shall rise, consecrated as a hallowed spot, by the intensely interesting scenes produced by the presence of the Spirit of God. Our land is thus a hallowed land. Our villages and towns are thus by God himself, set apart to his own high and sacred purposes. One entire country becomes thus sacred, in the sublime purpose of spreading the Gospel around the globe. And every new village becomes an additional pledge, that God designs our land to be instrumental in sending the Gospel among all the nations of the earth."

In connection with the preceding, the following sentiments of the same writer should be recognized and cherished in the heart of every one who may desire to be a participator in the joy of those delightful and solemn scenes which identify a spiritual revival of true religion. "There is no truth which so pervades and saturates a man's soul in the deeply affecting incipient scenes, and awful impressiveness of a revival of religion, as that all help must come from God.....When is the time, in which men are most pungent, faithful, and full in their labours? In the midst of those scenes; and then does the soul take most firm hold of this mighty task, of urging sinners to flee from the wrath that is to come. If the agency of the Holy Ghost was arbitrary; if his coming was merely to convince men that all their labors were idle and useless; then I admit that a sense of dependence would paralize all efforts. But this is not the place which the doctrine of the Spirit's influence is made to occupy in such scenes."

Page 38.

And raises woman to her pristine rank.

In Pagan and Mahammedan countries, in which it is computed that there is an unevangelized population of at least 600,000,000, all travellers and missionaries agree in stating that "women are regarded as inferior to men, created only to be subservient to their wants and pleasures, unworthy the companionship of man." The sacred books of Hindostan say "In every stage of life, woman is created to obey. At first, she yields obedience

to her father and mother: when married, she submits to her husband: in old age, she must be ruled by her children. During her life she can never be under her own control." This obedience is, practically, the most abject and debasing servility.

The Greenland convert on the arctic wave.

The Moravian brethren perseveringly labored in Greenland, under many discouragements, enduring privations and exposed to extraordinary perils for seven years before they saw any hopeful indications of success. Since then their mission has been greatly blest to the people of that frigid region. By the accounts of the brethren, it appears that up to the year 1831, there had been 1750 baptised, several of whom had departed this life with a firm hope of eternal bliss through the atonement of Christ.

Page 39.

But clasping God's own Word to their frail breast.

The rapid progress and the happy influence of the gospel among the people of the Sandwich Islands is without a precedent in the history of evangelical missions. Among the many exemplifications of the power of Truth in supporting the Christian converts in the prospect of death, the following, of recent date, will be regarded with interest. The Rev. H. Bingham in giving an account of the last sickness and the death of Kaahumanu, queen regent of Honolulu, says that "She expressed her confidence in Christ, and represented

herself as having an unshaken reliance on him as her friend and Saviour.—She always appeared grateful for copies of any part of the Scriptures, and until she became too low to read, spent much time in reading the different portions of the New Testament as they were from time to time issued from the press." During her sickness the printing of the New Testament was completed, a copy of which, bound, being sent to her, "she took the sacred volume in her hands, with great interest, turned it over and over to assure herself of what books it contained, and though she could no longer read, looked at it again and again, both inside and out, pronouncing it emphatically '*maitai*,' [excellent] wrapped it carefully in her handkerchief, laid it upon her grateful bosom, gently clasped her hands over it, and looked upward, as if she had received the precious boon as a passport to glory." A few days afterwards, on the 5th of June, 1832, she remarked to Mr. B., "I am going now!"—He replied, "Go in peace, leaning on your Saviour, and dwell with him for ever—may he receive your soul!" She then gently and peacefully closed her eyes, and fell asleep in Jesus."

Page 42.

And murky cell and monitory skull.

A human skull is sometimes regarded as a valuable addition to the ordinary furniture of a monk's cell, and as peculiarly adapted to remind the anchorite of his own mortality. It is especially considered as an appro-

propriate companion of the young and blooming female devotee, who, when the pomp, the solemn mummery, and the "rites adorn'd with gold," which were connected with her taking of the veil have ceased to exert their enchantments, she then awakes in her joyless retreat—

> "Narrow and dark, nought thro' the gloom discern'd,
> Nought save the crucifix, the rosary,
> And the gray habit lying by to shroud
> Her beauty and grace."

Such an one, having been captivated by the sorceries of the Papacy, and induced, professedly, to renounce the world, and to abdicate all the social enjoyments of life,—her relationships, and her charms,—

> "Feelings, affections, destin'd now to die,
> To wither like the blossom in the bud,"

she is required to grope her way to heaven through the cheerless mazes of superstition. By a heartless repetition of forms of prayer to the Virgin Mary and departed saints, either real or fictitious, in a language of which she may be ignorant, numbering her penitential task by her rosary or string of beads, she is taught to merit the bliss of the celestial world.

Page 44.

His smile perfidious, and deceptious arts.

In this our land of civil and religious liberty, the champions of popery are peculiarly averse to the exhi-

bition of the frauds and blasphemies with which that system is fraught, and by which, in countries less favored, its dominion over the minds of men has been and is yet sustained. This aversion has been recently illustrated by the retreat, after having challenged the Protestant cause, of several distinguished Roman Catholic priests from the field of discussion, both in New York and Philadelphia, so soon as their opponents, Dr. Brownlee in the former city, and the Rev. J. Breckinridge in the latter, began to cite accredited papal authorities to testify of the abominations of their own system. This conduct of those who, from office, should be best acquainted with the features and character of the mystic "Beast," seems to say,

> "It is a monster of such hideous mien,
> That to be hated needs but to be seen."

Since the retreat of these champions, the advocates of the cause seem to be very much annoyed and irritated by the presentations of the editor of one of our religious jounrals. Recently he has called the attention of the community to a few of the wonderful miracles of some of their most venerated saints. But these "*flowers,*" as they have been regarded by *infallible* popes, seem, in an American atmosphere, to be in *bad odour;* and those who are bound to hold them as *infallibly* precious, deem it unadvisable, at present, to expose them to the rude touch and heretical view of those whose minds are yet free to act and to judge by the lights of reason and revelation. The editor who

has performed for the Papacy this thankless service, gives a correct view of its policy. He remarks that "this church, which is steeped in the blood of the saints, is at this moment making a bold and vigorous effort, by means of foreign gold, to bind our beloved country in its enslaving chains. To secure success, it is attempting to modify its character, and keep in the shade many of its revolting characteristics. With chamelion facility it adapts its colour to the objects with which it is placed in contact, and the *immutable* church is of all things the most *changeable*. The bold doctrines of Rome are softened to meet the temper of England and America; and dogmas which are openly avowed in the former place, are utterly denied in the latter countries, as constituting a part of the Catholic creed."

But when the saints from dangerous slumbers wake.

That revivals of religion are essential to the preservation of the purity of the Church, and the prosperity of our Nation, is unquestionable. In view of the rapidly increasing and extensively spreading population, it must be obvious, that unless the manifestations of the gospel's redeeming power should be in proportion, formality, error, superstition and infidelity must become ascendant. Of such ascendency would be predicated the ruin of every thing on which are fixed the hopes of the Christian, of the philanthropist, and the patriot. In the Sabbath school system we recognize a

Divinely acknowledged constituent of the means of averting such a calamity. The peculiarly interesting responsibilities of the teachers should prompt them to fidelity, and excite them to aim at high qualifications for training the minds of those who are to be the immediate actors in reference to the millenial age. In regard to special and copious effusions of the Holy Spirit, no Christian can calculate upon personal irresponsibility. The relation of such effusions to the world's conversion, is a theme of thought which no pious heart would willingly dismiss; and not to have been instrumental in having brought even one sinner to Christ, would afford ground for a professor of religion to question his own interest in the Saviour. The revivals which have, in any section of our country, disturbed the kingdom of Satan and occasioned joy in heaven, may almost invariably be retraced to the exhibition of Christian character, in the ardent prayers and the efforts of God's people for the conversion of others, by Bible and tract distribution, pious conversation, and other kindred means. Such manifestations have not infrequently had a tendency to animate the almost desponding ambassadors of Christ, so that with re-enkindled zeal they have, with untiring diligence and activity, engaged in promoting the best interests of our beloved country, as inseparably connected with the glory and triumphs of the gospel.

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